BOSSED BY A WOMAN

Mrs. Scott Runs the Fourteenth Ward of Denver.

DOES IT CHEAPER THAN MEN

Hires Women Workers Only and Gets Results—Her Methods Like Those of the Typical Party Manager, but There's No Corruption. Manages a Ranch, Too.

The slate makers of the Republican party in Denver sat one night with their heads close together framing up the city ticket, writes Alfred D. Runyon, in Harper's Weekly. The big boss was reclining in a chair just outside the group, smoking innumerable cigarettes and occasionally replying gruffly to requests for suggestions.

The Fourteenth Ward was reached.

"Bill Skeezicks for alderman there," said a committeeman. "There's a swell Republican ward for you. If all the others in town were like that—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the big boss. "Who's that dub you've got for alderman?"

"Bill Skeezicks," said the committeeman. "He's Anna Scott's man."

"Anna Scott be dished!" roared the big boss, impolitely. "We want Sam Smiler up there. Who's this Bill Skeezicks, anyway?"

"We don't know," replied everybody in alarmed chorus. He's Anna Scott's man."

"Well, we won't have him," was the boss's ultimatum. "Put down Sam Smiler and have him nominated for alderman from the Fourteenth."

They put down Sam Smiler. Then some one telephoned York 2911.

"The big fellow says you can't have that Skeezicks party, Mrs. Scott," breathed the some one into the 'phone. "He says he wants Smiler nominated up there."

"Oh, he does, does he?" same a soft voice from the other end of the wire. "Well, you tell him I'm going to nominate Bill Skeezicks for alderman from the Fourteenth, just the same."

They carried the news to the big boss.

"Of course you can talk her into having Smiler," they suggested soothingly.

The boss snorted in derision and anger.

"I'll not try to talk any woman into anything," he bellowed. "Give her a good beating and she'll quit. I've been hearing about that Scott woman for quite a while now, and she's been getting away with things up there because she never run afoul of us, and I didn't pay much attention to her. Now, she's getting high and mighty and we'll just take her down. Go after that ward!" he ordered, imperiously.

A Woman's Work.

They tiptoed into the headquarters when they bore the primary returns to the big boss, and they stood back in fear and trembling while he looked them over. Bill Skeezicks had been nominated, and Sam Smiler was lost in the ruck. The big man eyed the result without a word and then glanced scornfully at his shaking satellites.

"Mrs. Scott did this?" he finally demanded. They nodded dismally. "Send her to me," he ordered, and the next day the stout-set woman with the placid, motherly face, appeared before the boss and they looked each other over, eye to eye.

"I want you to take charge of the fight in the Fourteenth," said the boss, noting the square cut chin and the wide open, fearless eyes. "Anybody who can whip me that way in a preliminary must go into the main event. We need you."

The woman demurred. "I don't want to do that," she said. "I wouldn't have fought you if you hadn't fought me first. I've won. Now you can go ahead and elect my man. I'm not capable of carrying on the fight in the field."

"Anybody who can trim me the way you did is capable of anything. You must take charge of the election," declared the boss.

"Well, I'll do it if I can do it my way," she finally agreed.

"Do anything you want—just elect your man," the boss replied.

Bill Skeezicks was elected by so large a majority that they haven't finished counting it yet. To this day they recite the election in the Fourteenth as a striking example in Colorado politics of the difference in the use of money with men and women.

"I hired only women workers," reported Mrs. Scott in her expense account. "I believe them to be more effective than men. It cost me just $400 to carry my ward."

The big boss heard the report in amazement. "What do you think o' that?" he shouted. "Here's the cheapest ward in Denver. Every one of the others cost us from $2,000 to $5,000. I'm for Anna Scott and her women workers."

That wasn't the creation of Anna M. Scott as the boss of the Fourteenth Ward, by any means. It was merely an assertion of her authority, and an incident in the political career of the only woman in Colorado who, entering politics as a result of woman suffrage, has played politics exactly as a man plays it and developed into a minor boss and a powerful factor in the political affairs of Denver.

Likes the Job.

Mrs. Scott frankly owns that she is in the game because it amuses her. She has a comfortable home and is in good circumstances, but devotes herself to politics just as other women devote themselves to society or the church.

"The strength of the woman vote is largely determined by the character of the struggle," she says. "There are occasions when the women will vote much more heavily than on others especially in local affairs. The only method used by practical politicians in attempting to control the woman vote is to hire them as political workers and this system does not work out in controlling the female vote to any greater extent than it does in handling the men. They cannot be handled as a class—and let me say that we object to being classed as a 'class;'—that is, considered in the same light as the 'negro vote,' or the 'Polack vote.' The women we have had in office made good records and, speaking of the use of money, I call your attention to the fact that no man ever dared approach a woman legislator with a bribe offer!

"We have been instrumental in keeping the political parties clean. It would be fatal for a party to nominate a notorious drunkard or a libertine. Woman suffrage has not purified politics any more than sending a boy to school makes him moral, but we have eliminated a great many objectionable features. Drunkenness, profanity, and the old slam-bang order of things are no longer known. In the lowest hole in this State, if a polling place were opened there it would be as much as a man's life is worth to use a rough word or indulge in an uncouth action toward a woman who went there to vote. The moral impress of the woman is felt perceptibly."

Can't Beat Her.

Time and again the men politicians of the Fourteenth Ward have rebelled against Mrs. Scott's petticoat rule. They don't relish it a little bit, but every time an insurrection has started, Mrs. Scott has taken the field in person and put it down. The idea of a woman bossing his political bailiwick has kept many a man awake nights trying to figure out a method of besting Mrs. Scott, but they usually overslept themselves the next morning and awoke to find Mrs. Scott walking away with the spoils.

She has never aimed at obtaining any elective office. She is president of the Woman's State Republican Club, and is chairwoman of the general committee of all the Republican clubs of women in Colorado, but she has been content to let others seek official posts. Mrs. Scott owns a big stock ranch near Glenwood Springs. Not long ago an incompetent tenant impelled Mrs. Scott to take over the management of the ranch in person, and as it is 345 miles from Denver she is kept pretty busy maintaining her political domain in the Fourteenth Ward and running the ranch at the same time.

RANGE OF EYESIGHT.

Opportunity Offered to Test Correctness of Scientists' Conclusions.

From Youth's Companion.

Those who are curious in such matters may be interested in testing the correctness of the conclusions of Dr. Schnecker, of Munich, concerning the distance at which people can be recognized by their faces and figures. If you have good eyes, he says, you cannot recognize a person whom you have seen but once before at a greater distance than twenty-five metres (eighty-two feet). If the person is well known to you, you may recognize him at from 50 to 100 metres, and if it is a member of your family, even at 150 metres. The white of the eyes may be seen from 27 to 28 metres, and the eyes themselves at 72 to 73 metres. The different parts of the body and the slightest movements are distinguishable at 91 metres. The limbs show at 182 metres. At 540 metres a moving man appears only as in indefinite form, and at 720 metres—2,361.6 feet—the movements of the body are no longer visible.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

To buy or not to buy. That is the eternal question which faces women. Men buy when they have needs, and are seldom tempted by bargains at other times. Women are always foreseeing a use for about everything that is marked down, so they are generally short of cash and up to their ears in debt.

* * * *

No income can be systematically laid out unless one has a clear idea of necessary expenses. It is easy to fix the monthly or weekly sum that must go for rent and estimate the necessary expenditure for food, fuel, and light. One can even guess pretty closely the figure which will keep a person well dressed, and the total of these figures ought to leave a margin for sickness or enforced idleness and for saving. Then superfluous articles may safely be considered. Perhaps they will not even appear worthy of consideration upon reflection.

* * * *

Careful women live in some such fashion, and they are the ones who can meet a panic in the business world with a creditable degree of calmness. They may not like the idea of drawing upon the reserve fund, but they escape the worry of unpaid bills, and, of course, they are calm. The haphazard woman shuts her eyes to necessary expenditures after she yields to the temptation of bargains, and spends many an anxious hour after her money has dwindled.

* * * *

I have a tremendous respect for the working girl who closed her eyes to the desire for a new street suit last fall and decided to save enough money to pay for it before even thinking much about it. She is young, pretty, and very fond of good clothes, and she accomplishes wonders on the small sum she reserves for herself each week. Her bump of neatness is well developed, so she takes the best possible care of her clothes. A skirt and coat which had done duty for two winters she put into the tailor's hands for cleaning and pressing, and while they looked fresh and smart, she found that the skirt had shrunk in length and the coat needed new trimmings.

* * * *

Well, trimmings happened to be within her means, but the work of renovation was rather a burden. However, she did it, and is looking as stylish and pretty as she could in new garments, because her hat, veil, neckwear, waist, gloves, and shoes are immaculate. They are the important features, after all. This girl has to divide her wages with her mother, and she knows just how much she can spend upon herself. She save nothing, but she has a good excuse for spending all—she must have clothes for working, and she buys just as closely as she can.

* * * *

I do not believe that trade conditions demand extravagance on the part of those who can least afford it. Bargains are sometimes good, and often worthless. For instance, there is no economy in buying damaged cloth at any price, as there is the price of making it up to be considered. The price may be nothing more than time, but that makes the bargains expensive. When one needs standard articles, it is wise to take advantage of mark-downs which have been instituted in all up-to-date shops to close out broken stock. But to buy with no immediate use in view is hardly worth while, because fashion has an important bearing on life. We ought to keep abreast of the times.

BETTY BRADEEN.

Overtaken.

From Everybody's Magazine.

A wizened little man charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half, or in this case better two-thirds, was a big, square-jawed woman with a determined eye.

The judge listened to the plaintiff's recital of wrongs with interest.

"Where did you meet this woman who, according to your story, has treated you so dreadfully?" his honor asked.

"Well, judge," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

Too Strong for Daddy.

From Everybody's.

It was raining outside, and little interrogative Irma was in one of her worst, or at least most trying moods. Father, busily writing at his desk, had already reproved her several times for bothering him with useless questions.

"I say, pa, what—"

"Ask your mother."

"Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time."

"All right, this once. What is it"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come, and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in an airship, where would he land when he came down?"

A Clear Explanation.

From the Bohemian.

A Southern congressman recently went into a barber shop in a small Tennessee town to get a haircut. The barber, after the usual flow of conversation, completed the job and, turning to his customer, asked:

"Tennessee or Georgia?"

Somewhat mysterfied by the singular question, but determined not to show his ignorance, the congressman replied:

"Georgia."

The barber then proceeded to brush his hair "dry."

Lightning Change Attachments.

Modern matrons and maids are not worried by "tiresome fidelity," but make lightning change attachments in a way to make slow persons sit up and take notice.

DEBUTANTE AND HALL WHERE GUESTS DINED.

Below to the right is shown Miss Marjorie Gould, who made her debut at a most sumptuous reception ball and banquet at the Plaza. To the left is shown her mother. Upper picture shows the banquet hall.

ORIGIN OF BRIDGE WHIST

A recent writer on bridge, says that in his opinion the game originated in Turkey, although Russia and Greece have both claimed it. In Russia it is called "biritch" or Russian whist."

"Persia was the first home of poker," says this writer in Ainslee's Magazine, "and I am disposed to think that Constantinople was the birthplace of bridge—a conclusion which any one who has ever played the game with a Turk will be inclined to share.

"The Turks have a really marvelous genius for the game. I feel sure that the average Turk has about 20 per cent more insight into cards and card games than the average American or Englishman. Throughout the East cards are played with a brilliancy rarely met with elswehere.

"It was, I believe, during the year 1894 that bridge was introduced into London by Lord Brougham, who brought it back with him from an extended tour of Southern and Western Europe. Lord Brougham's account of the event is curious and interesting.

"Soon after his return to London he went into the Portland Club, which is probably the best-known card club in the world. The Portland at that time was given over exclusively to old-fashioned whist.

"His lordship sat down to play a friendly rubber and, when it came his turn to deal, forgot to expose the trump. After three deals he again forgot to turn his last card. His friends, who had known him for years, made a mental memorandum that his lordship was beginning to lose his memory.

"He explained his carelessness by saying that he had been playing so much 'bridge' that he could never remember the exasperating convention of turning the trump. This remark led to his explaining the game of bridge in detail to his friends.

"From this insignificant beginning the game has spread and spread until it is now the most popular card game in the world. There is to-day hardly any straight whist played at the Portland; bridge has entirely replaced it. The Turf was the next English club to experiment with the game, and from that time on the fever spread through the English clubs very rapidly.

"In 1895 the Portland issues its famous 'Laws of Bridge.' This was translated and adopted as the standard guide to the game in most of the cities of Europe and even in Constantinople, the city of its birth.

"A great friend of Lord Brougham at that time, and one against whom he played many rubbers, was Lord Yarborough, whose ill luck was proverbial throughout England. He frequently declared that his cards were the most execrable in the world and that his usual luck was to find a nine the highest card in his hand.

A Yarborough.

"As a consequence of this a hand with nothing over a nine gradually became known in England as a "Yarborough." The expression became general, and is to-day applied to a hand without honors. Lord Yarborough was always willing to bet a thousand pounds to one against a hand having no honors in it. As a matter of fact, the odds are nearly 2,000 to 1.

"I heard of one rubber at least in which Lord Yarborough's ill luck forsook him. The unlucky lord was playing with his wife and two other ladies. During the course of the rubber Lord Yarborough held the most enormous cards.

"Lady Yarbourough, who was playing against her husband, took out her purse at the end of the rubber and with a sad and wistful smile declared to the ladies that in her opinion a void hand at bridge could with much more point be called a 'Lady Yarbourough.' In the course of this rubber Lord Yarborough held 100 aces twice and four honors in diamonds once.

"The late Henry Jones, popularly known as 'Cavendish,' who was probably the master mind of whist in England and who had done more than any one man for the game, was at first bitterly opposed to bridge. He poked all manner of fun at the game. He said it was ridiculously simple and a bore. But before his death, in 1899, he was converted to it and ended by saying that there was 'no game of cards in the world wherein skill, sound judgment, and insight into the adversary's methods will meet with more certain reward than they will in bridge.'

Game in America.

"I believe there is good ground for the assertion that America was introduced to bridge before England, for it is certain that the late Henry I. Barbey explained the game to his friends at the Whist Club in New York as early as the beginning of 1894. A trifle later he wrote a little pamphlet about it for private circulation, and in 1897 the game had so far spread in the Whist Club that it issued the first code of bridge laws to be published in this country.

"When the game was first introduced it was comparatively easy for a good player to make a fair living out of the game. Such a player could then declare no trumps on a weak hand; could take foolish chances in the play of a trump hand; could deceive his adversaries by false carding and fool them by tricky leads; but now that the game has reached a pretty fair degree of excellence no such acrobatic feats are possible. Baron G., the best bridge player I have ever met, told me that for three years he had made but a trifling sum out of the game.

"Mr. C.'s winnings are interesting. He is a pretty fair player and has kept his bridge accounts very accurately for five years. He has played, I suppose, a little over a dozen rubbers a week.

"During the last five years he has averaged a profit of about $800 a year paying at 5-cent points.

"I also know an excellent player who lost $200 in two weeks at the same stakes. In other words, there is nothing sure about one's income from the game, but it may be said with truth that the good players nearly always find themselves considerably ahead at the end of a year."

JANUARY GENERALS.

Mrs. Pickett's War Stories—How McKinley Was Saved.

La Salle Corbett Pickett, in Lippincott's.

The belief of the men in tthe ability of their January General to arrive on time was illustrated by a conversation between two Confederates in a Northern prison when the news of the great warrior's death came to them. "Do you know how Stonewall got to heaven?" "No." "Well, when the news of his being killed was carried up to heaven two angels were sent to escort him up. They went to our army and looked around the field of battle and about headquarters and couldn't find him. They went over to the Feds and looked for him there and still couldn't find him. After searching all day they gave it up and went back to heaven, where they found that he had flanked them and got there without their knowing it."

The god Janus had given to his favorite son the capacity for appreciating soldierly qualities in an enemy as well as in a friend. At the battle of Antietam one of Stonewall's men was about to fire upon a young soldier on the other side of the creek. Jackson said: "Stop! Lower your gun. I have watched that boy all day. He is too brave to be killed." Thus was William McKinley, at seventeen years of age, saved to become President of the United States and die by the assassin's bullet.

Jackson was not content with following Janus; he must find every opportunity to be in front. Upon one occasion he asked Gen. Tallafero to go with him to overlook the artillery fire. While watching the shots fall among the enemy, now and then exclaiming, "Good, good!" he asked Gen. Tallaferro if he had a family. The general replied that he had a wife and five children, adding, "and if we stay here there will be a widow and five children." "Good, good," said Jackson, and they galloped away. Gen. Tallaferro said afterward, "I have no doubt that Stonewall's life was saved that day by his sympathy for my children."

I am reminded here of a meeting with an old Federal soldier in 1898 at the Peace Jubilee in Philadelphia. On being introduced to me the veteran said: "I read in the paper that you were here, and I came because I wanted to see you." We entered into pleasant conversation, in the course of which he told me this incident:

"'I could have killed Gen. Pickett at the battle of Gettysburg. I saw a man on horseback not far from the stone wall, with the bullets falling thick around him. He sat there watching the field as coolly as if he had been on a quiet road enjoying the scenery. I took aim, thinking how easy it would be to shoot him down. Then the feeling came to me that I could not kill a man like that. So I lowered my gun and turned back. Behind me were three men in the act of lowering their guns. 'We can't shoot a man as brave as that,' they said. I did not know who the officer was, but afterward learned that he was Gen. Pickett.'"

The confidence of the followers of two of our January Generals is illustrated in the story of a captive Southern soldier who chanced to see Gen. Grant hastening by.

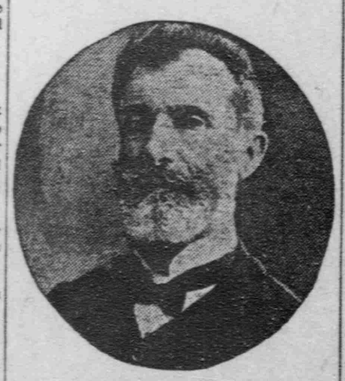
"General, where are you going?" asked the Confederate.

"To Petersburg, I think," was the reply; "but maybe to heaven or hell."

"Well, I tell you, general," replied the soldier, "Bob Lee's at Petersburg and Stonewall Jackson's in heaven. I guess hell's the only place left for you."

That Grant appreciated the grim assignment was indicated by the smile of amusement on his face as he went on.

WARNED OF EARTHQUAKE.



SIGNOR RICCO,

Astronomer in charge of government observatories at Mount Aetna, who predicted destructive upheaval in Sicily.

A GROCERY AFLOAT.

Odd Craft that Will Be Seen No More in Vineyard Haven.

From the Boston Herald.

Capt. William M. Randall, for fourteen years master of the little grocery and water supply boat at Vineyard Haven, has retired, and his boat, the Susie D., has been purchased by a Boston firm of contractors for use in Boston harbor.

Few men are better known among coastwise captains than Capt. Randall. He intercepted vessels passing through Vineyard Sound day after day, stocking them with provisions, delivering orders from owners, letters or telegrams, as the case might be. Thousands of letters have been intrusted to Capt. Randall from vessels to mail at the post-office in Vineyard Haven. Capt. Randall will now retire from active sea life.

The Susie D. is a strange-looking craft. At first glance in the distance one would take it for a stubby sailing vessel. What gives this impression is not a mast, though; it is a derrick, rigged in the bow for wrecking purposes. Another glance, and the smokestack comes prominently into view, and in the stern of the boat what looks like a cabin. This is not a cabin, but a store room, which when opened resembles a huge ice chest such as is used in a market.

In this chest or store room scattered about are the supplies in which the captain deals. Everything from eggs and other dairy products to anchors and chains is to be found here, and a lot of other things besides—in fact, everything that a man at sea could want or need. There are rubber boots, oilskins, ropes, and what not, and everything is for sale. It is a large department store in a small bost and carries almost every conceivable commodity outside of fancy lacework or ladies' hats.

WHAT I WOULD TELL A MAN—IF I DARED.

By PRETTY GIRL.

You can't help liking X. Y. when you first meeet him, he is such a big, jolly, generous chap, always ready for any prank or amusement. But when X. Y. eats, poetry and romance vanish and so does your appetite, owing to his almost ghoulish enjoyment of food and his utter absorption in the pursuit of it, says the New York Herald.

"Isn't this soup just grand?" he would sputter, with his face, now suffused with a deep red, almost buried in the plate—and not a word of general conversation can be had out of him until every viand has been commented upon and consumed and the last sip of cordial swallowed.

As X. Y. has made a science of restaurants, none of the cheaper ones ever know his presence, but his sighs of disappointment or explosions of anger over dishes that fail to bring back the first "fine careless rapture" of tasting them make you pray never to be around when the "eats" are poor. He will surely burst with rage.

The amount consumed equals the enthusiasm of the attack. An enormous beefsteak dinner before the play signifies nothing. He will go to supper afterward with the zest of a starving man. If a dish is declined by any one, he growls:

"Get into the game! Get into the game!"

If I dared I would tell this man that he is a cannibal; that his gross way of eating is an offense to society; that if he must gorge in such fashion he should do so in private.

If I dared I would also warn him that any girl who thought of marrying him would think again if she sat opposite him at the table.

X. Y. took a trip to Europe last summer, and of course rained picture postals on his friends, as all travelers do. One of the girls wagered that they would be all restaurant scenes, and they were. He might be said to have eaten his way over Europe. Out of him, on his return, could be pried no word pictures such as the others of his party painted, of wonderful snow-clad mountains, of quaint village scenes, of glimpes of royal sylendor. Instead, he dwelt lingeringly on the vast "eats" he had encompassed. Venice was remembered as the place where he had chanced upon his favorite brew of beer.

If I dared, I would say to this man, and to all others like him, "Don't think for a minute that anybody else cares what you ate or are going to eat; so if you want to be popular you'd better lift your eyes above your plate and see what there is in the word."

I was taught, as most girls are, to regard eating as a rite to be celebrated with conversation and laughter and with the utmost possible concealment of animal zest for food. Sometimes, when the humorous side of it strikes me, I feel like saying to my gourmandizing friend:

"Oh, why do you show such spite against the little lamb in his bed of green peas or the little chicken smothered in gravy? I fear that some time you may devour me if dinner happens to be delayed or the meal turns out a failure, as meals sometimes will. In your passionate regard for food I scent a victorious rival. Adieu, Monsieur X. Y. Return to your muttons—alone."

BIRTH RATE IN FRANCE.

Figures Show That Deaths Almost Exceed Births.

From the London Telegraph.

While France has painfully but successfully regained her old position among the nations of Europe, she is to-day confronted with a danger the result of which, unless a remedy be discovered, is mathematically certain and is only a question of time. Dr. Justin Jacques Bertillon gives under the heading "The Man-Devouring Town" some very startling statistics in Le Journal. Not only, he tells his readers, "is the birth rate in French towns rapidly dwindling, but in most of them more of the people depart this life than enter it." It is not that the death rate is rising, but that the birth rate is incredibly low and steadily diminishes. Dr. Bertillon's researches extend over twenty years. In Paris between 1887 and 1890 the average annual number of births was 58,000. The total has fallen in 1907 to 50,811, although the census of these twenty years shows an increased population, mainly due to influx from the country, of 500,000. In 1887-90 the birth rate was twenty-five per 1,000 inhabitants; to-day it is between eighteen and nineteen.

The following are the tables for towns with over 100,000 inhabitants:

Years.	Births per 1,000 Inhabitants.
1887-1890	25.5
1891-1895	24.8
1896-1900	22.8
1901-1905	21.6
1906	21.1

In towns with between 10,000 and 20,000 inhabitants the same decrease is taking place. The figures are:

Years.	Births per 1,000 Inhabitants.
1887-1890	23.3
1891-1895	22.7
1896-1900	22.3
1901-1905	21.3
1906	20.6

In nearly all the large towns more die than are born. Paris itself is an apparent exception, but the exception is only apparent. Out of 54,191 children born in Paris in 1906 nearly a third, 16,237, were sent out of the city to be reared. Such of these infants as die are registered and counted as belonging to the villages where they are nursed, and are not included in the Paris death rate. They are, so to speak, credited to the capital, where they are born, but are not debited to it if they die.

There are in France 112 towns with a population exceeding 20,000. Out of this total no less than seventy-eight show an excess of deaths over births. Mining and manufacturing towns furnish the only exception to this rule. Lens and Lievin, for instance, compare favorably in this respect with foreign towns, and Lille, Tourcoing, Dunkirk, and Calais also yield an excess of births over deaths. It is frequently said that Brittany redeems the sterility of the rest of France. But this superiority is disappearing. Most of the Breton towns show an excess of deaths over births, and the adjacent districts are no better off.

Well may Dr. Bertillon ask: "What will become of France if this state of things develops, as it threatens to do? For twenty years past deaths have exceeded births in most French towns. The towns have set a bad example to France, which is only too faithfully followed."

France loses comparatively little by emigration, but unless the rural districts save France, as they have saved France before, or unless this unnatural restriction of the town population is stopped, a time must come when French influence will cease in the world, for there will be no French left to exercise it.

Something for His Money.

From the Cincinnati Times-Star.

Eddie Foy has a new story of hard luck. "A year or so ago," said he, "I met a friend of mine who was on his way West to take a job with a brokerage house. He was a good fellow, made lots of money and spent it freely. When I met him he had been buying wine in condoling with himself on leaving New York. Within ten minutes of train time he found that he was absolutely broke. 'Lend me some money, Eddie,' he said, and I gave up $30. Well, for a time I looked for a check in every mail. Then I looked for it only on Monday mornings. Finally I got to looking for it just after the first of each month. Then I stopped looking for it at all. The other day I met him on Broadway. 'Hello, Eddie,' he shouted. 'Say, how much do I owe you?' I told him. 'Come into the Metropole with me,' said he. 'I want to write you an I. O. U. for it.' 'Huh,' asked Mr. Foy. 'Me? You've owed me that thirty for a year now. What's the use of handing me an I. O. U.?' 'Aw, well,' says he, 'I'm going into bankruptcy to-morrow, and I want you to have something for your money.'"

SIXTY-THOUSAND-TON LINERS.

Ships Will Be Heavier Than Was the Spanish Armada.

From the London Express.

The White Star Line has officially announced that the name of the second of its two great liners, which are to be built at Messrs. Harland & Wolff's yard at Belfast, will be the Titanic. Incidentally the tonnage of each vessel will be about 60,000, which is nearly twice that of the Mauretania, the largest vessel now afloat. The keel blocks for the first of these amazing ships, the Olympic, were laid down at Belfast a few weeks ago, and work is now progressing on her. The keel blocks for the Titanic will be laid down early in January next.

Although it has been known that the White Star Line contemplated building two ships that would eclipse anything afloat, the exact tonnage has not been known before, and the Olympic and Titanic will represent the greatest stride ever made in naval architecture. They will be nearly 1,000 feet long, and about 80 feet broad, and while they will not be built for great speed, they will, it is expected, be able to average 21 knots. They will be equipped with a combination of turbine and reciprocating engines. The cost of the two vessels will be about $17,500,000.

Great preparations have been going on at Belfast for more than a year for the construction of these giant vessels. Two new slips, each more than 1,000 feet long, and capable of bearing a weight of 75,000 tons, have been built, and the greatest gantry in the world has been installed. A large number of men who have been idle while the yard was being prepared for these boats will now be re-employed, and it is expected that the work on them will do much to relieve the distress threatened in Belfast during hte winter.

The first Cunard ship to cross the Atlantic was the Britannia, which made the crossing in 1840. Her tonnage was 1,154, and she was 207 feet long. The Scotia, which was referred to as an "ocean leviathan" in 1862, had a tonnage of 3,871.

Still more interesting is the comparison with the first vessel of any kind that ever crossed the Atlantic—Columbus' Santa Maria—which was 60 feet long and had a tonnage of 233. It may also be mentioned that the tonnage of either the Titanic or Olympic will be more than the total tonnage of the Spanish Armada, which was 59,120, while the tonnage of the English fleet which opposed it was less than half that.

ESCAPE FROM LIBBY

Survivor of Seven Men Who Dug Tunnel Tells Story.

OATH OF SECRECY WAS TAKEN

John Mitchell, of Pomeroy, Wash., Held in Famous Prison for Nine Months, and, Following Long Illness, Learns that He Is Free and that the War Is Over.

Spokane, Wash., Jan. 16.—John Mitchell, of Pomeroy, Wash., last survivor of the seven men who dug the tunnel from Libby Prison, thus providing means for the escape of 165 men, told for the first time the story of the desperate struggle during the civil war, also casting new light upon the manner in which the plot was conceived and carried out.

Before beginning the work, he said, on a recent visit to Spokane, the seven men took an oath of secrecy, fixing death to be the penalty of violation. It was decided that if any of them revealed the plot while they were digging the tunnel, the others were to take him to the top of the warehouse at night and throw him from the highest window to the rocks below. This would have meant certain death.

The rest of Mr. Mitchell's remarkable narrative of the escape is best told in his own words:

"I was in Libby for nine months—the longest, dreariest, most hopeless nine months of my life. Hope was something that none of us knew. There were in the prison at that time many of my comrades of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, true patriots, every one of them. They knew what suffering was, if ever men did in this world. There is not one of them alive to-day who cannot recall as distinctly as if but a month ago the awful suffering and misery we endured.

Willing to Suffer.

"But let me tell you, there is not one of them who would not go through it all again if necessity demanded it, that the greatest government in the world might be perpetuated and the Union preserved for the greatest people of the world.

"After we had spent months that seemed years—decades—and to some of us, centuries, in that pen, the plan of escape suggested itself to seven of us, six comrades and myself. We conceived the idea of digging the tunnel under the warehouse, under the walls of the prison pen, and far enough outside to give a start to those who were willing to take the risk in the hope of gaining liberty.

"It was a desperate undertaking, as we fully realized, and even believing as we did in the loyalty of every prisoner there, we could not dare to take them into our confidence for fear the secret would become known to the guards. In that event we knew it meant nothing but a wholesale slaughter of prisoners, many of whom would not be connected in the plot to escape. There was one obstacle, the guard inside the warehouse, whom we could not expect to escape while we worked, and therefore there was but one way to overcome this obstacle, and that was to bribe him. After numerous attempts we succeeded in doing this, agreeing each of us to pay him $1,000 after we had regained our liberty and our homes. An agreement on this basis was finally concluded and we set to work.

Progress Is Slow.

"I need not say it was slow progress, handicapped as we were by the fear and danger of being discovered, and having to work with the disadvantage of no tools but our hands and the pocket knives a few had been able to retain when imprisoned. The disposal of the earth and stones, as we loosened them, was a hard matter. Not one of us was able, physically, to do much work. But hope sprang up in our hearts, and the prospect of freedom buoyed us up in a manner that now seems miraculous to me.

"The days and nights grew into years, it seemed, as we toiled. But not once did any of us become discouraged. We grew weaker as the task neared its end, and when it was all but completed, darkness came over me, and I yielded to the demands of an overwrought constitution, and for weeks knew nothing. That I lived is due to the fact that I was cared for by a prisoner-nurse whom I shall hold in grateful remembrance as long as I live. He had charge of my case half the time, and frequently on coming on duty found me lying on the floor, unnoticed and uncared for, where I had fallen in the delirium.

"When consciousness returned he made every effort to find out my name and where my home had been, but my mind was a blank, and it was days before I could tell him anything. I remember the joy with which I learned that the plans for escape through our tunnel had been successful and that my six faithful comrades had got away, accompanied by 160 other prisoners.

Shot for Disobedience.

"The days after I recovered seemed more unendurable than ever. The privation and the awful scenes of daily occurrences go to make up a chapter in my life I would like to forget, but can never expect to. I saw men shot for disobedience for trying to reach a little stream of blackish, foul-smelling water to quench the consuming thirst; for inability to perform some task when called upon; for things that they were as powerless to prevent as little babes. Some of those who fell were my own comrades. That I ever left the place alive is a great wonder to me, and I know there were times when I wished death would relieve my sufferings.

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn, they say, and it seems so now. Dragging myself wearily around the stockade one day I heard the heavy firing of guns and I knew in an instant they were the guns of the Union army. Nothing ever sounded half so sweet to me before, for in their thunder I read the glad news that we were to be set free. I can remember clearly of throwing my cap against the walls of the old warehouse and feebly cheering.

"Nothing mattered then, and we no longer feared the guards. Relief and release soon came, and those of us who were able to overcome the deplorable physical condition into which we had fallen, were soon on the road to recovery. By our comrades we were treated with every consideration.

"Of the seven men who dug that tunnel and provided the way for escape of themselves and their comrades, I am the only one living. The last of the other six has been dead several years."

Glad He Lost.

From Harper's Weekly.

"Pat, I hear you lost $5 in an election bet with McCarty."

"I did, sor, an' ol'm glad av it, begorra."

"Glad of it? Why are you glad of it, Pat?"

"Becoz oi won twinty dollars from Flanigan in a bet thwat ol'd lose the five dollars oi bet wid McCarty."

Misunderstood.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Court Officer (after adjournment)—Mr. Skiles, will you see that the jury is comfortably fixed.

New Bailiff—Fixed, Mr. Jinx? Fixed? Great Scott, who's going to put up the money?